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Moore's Anniversary.

A MUSICAL ALLEGORY.

By KATHARINE A. O'KEEFE.

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Thomas Moore

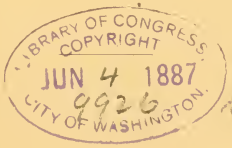
MOORE'S ANNIVERSARY:

A Musical Allegory.

For the use of Catholic Schools and Irish Societies.

BY

KATHARINE A. O'KEEFFE.



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No literary or poetic merit is claimed for the original portions of this little allegory. The author has attempted nothing more than the preparation of a few simple links with which to bind together some of the best-known gems from Moore's melodies.

It has already, on occasions of Moore's birthday, May 28, served — in connection with an address on Thomas Moore, or on the Music and Poetry of Ireland — for an evening's entertainment, thereby assisting several worthy objects. That it may be again helpful in some such way is the design of its present publication.

K. A. O'K.

CHARACTERS.

Erin.

Columbia.

Leinster.

Ulster.

Munster.

Connaught.

Dublin (Moore's Birthplace).

Kerry (Birthplace of Moore's father).

Wicklow (Birthplace of Moore's mother).

Wexford (Commemorating the Wexford massacre).

Belfast Minstrel.

The Twenty-eight other Counties of Ireland.

Love.

Valor.

Wit.

PROLOGUE

TO THE "MOORE'S ANNIVERSARY."

Give glad, triumphant greeting, sing his own most joyful lay,
And make Moore's anniversary a gleeful gala-day;
For, with the budding roses, in the summer's opening glow,
He came, old Erin's noble bard, one hundred * years ago.

Yes, weave for him bright chaplets pure, of glory and of fame,
With fairest, sweetest flowers now enwreathe the poet's name;
And wake his country's harp once more, until both earth and sky
Ring with the wild, melodious strains of Irish minstrelsy.

For when that charming harp was mute, and Erin's spirit low,
When gloom of death o'ershadowed her, and hatred armed her foe,

* Can be changed to suit time.

Her Bard then broke the silence that had chained her
spirit long,
And proudly "gave her golden chords to freedom,
light, and song."

He bids his land remember well her glorious days of
yore;
He tells her that her shaded star shall brightly beam
once more;
He sings a song of sad, sweet love, at which the world
still weeps,
And, as he said, our tears "keep green" the grave
where Emmet sleeps.

O'Ruark's tale he sadly tells, and weeps for Erin's
shame,
But soon he calls her to be proud of Wellington's
great name;
And then, with retrospective glance, he looks back at
the Danes,
And says, "'Tis sweeter far to die than live one hour
in chains."

In silence deep, a death song chants at noble Grattan's
grave,
And sighs for "Vanquished Erin" at the Boyne's ill-
fated wave;

But, should she be disconsolate, he thrills her heart with joy
By telling her the noble deeds of her brave "Minstrel Boy."

With glowing Eastern beauties, oft through Cashmere's vale he roves;
Then, soaring above mortals far, he sings the "Angels' Loves";
But tells his faithful Irish wife her "smile turns all to light";
He dreads no gloom while she is near with eye so true and bright.

"Oft in the stilly night" he brings us back "Love's bright young dream";
At morn he sings of lovely vales, and of Avoca's stream;
He leads us to the Peri fair that wept at Heaven's gate;
Anon, he sweetly pleads the cause of roses that bloom late.

Then, rising on the "Muse's wing, whose theme is in the skies,"
He bids us "Sound the timbrel loud," and calls, "Awake! and rise";

He shows us "Sinful Mary's tears," the sad he asks
to kneel,
And tells them "Earth no sorrow has which Heaven
cannot heal."

Now while the world doth gladly sing these songs so
sweet and pure,
Old Erin's sons are justly proud of their loved poet
Moore;
Wherever they have found a home, they raise to him a
shrine,
And round it Erin's "chosen leaf" with loving hands
they twine.

Like all the rest we've gathered here to sing our poet's
lays, —
To strew our flowers before him, and to listen to his
praise;
To bring the days of glory back, ere yet the "Emerald
gem"
Illumed with purest, richest rays the stranger's diadem.

America's sweet mayflower we will with the shamrock
twine,
And Erin and Columbia shall wreathe them round his
shrine;
While Erin's tears are falling, from Columbia bright
shall flow
Fair Freedom's light transforming them into Hope's
radiant bow.

Oh! may the blissful promises that shine about the twain,
Meet rich fulfilment ere the world greet this glad day again;
And may Moore's countrymen be free to crown their poet's brow,
In Ireland, as in this free land, in just one year from now.

(*Before curtain rises on* ERIN, *all sing behind the scenes*, "*The Harp that once through Tara's Hall.*")

The harp that once through Tara's hall
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's wall
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

MOORE'S ANNIVERSARY.

(*Celtic cross on one side of stage, harp on the other.*)

ERIN. (*Advancing towards harp.*)

"Dear harp of my country! in darkness he * found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, he unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

"Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis Moore's glory alone;
We were but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness was Moore's and thine own."

* Here, as in several other quotations from Moore, slight changes have been made for adaptation to occasion. It is deemed unnecessary to note them, however, as they will, of course, be immediately recognized.

(*Enter* MUNSTER, ULSTER, CONNAUGHT, *and* LEINSTER.)

MUNSTER.

Dear Erin, wherefore weeping in this sad and lonely hall?
Oh! why upon thy silent harp do tears like raindrops fall?
Thou knowest that, though captive now, thou look'st across the sea,
Thy sons at home and far away still faithful are to thee.

ULSTER.

And we, thy faithful subjects now, have come thy grief to cheer,
From North and South, and East and West, we come to greet thee here.
Here's Connaught, ever called "The Just," and Munster bold, "The Free,"
Here's Leinster with glad tidings fraught, and here true Ulster see.

CONNAUGHT.

Yes, Erin, from thy lovely eyes now wipe all tears away,
And, with thy brightest, sweetest smiles, make this a festal day;
By Leinster summoned here we are to make thy lone heart glad;
Then raise to Heaven thy noble brow, why stand'st thou there so sad?

ERIN.

O blame me not, sisters, " my pride is gone by.
My spirit is broken which never would bend ;
O'er my ruin my children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love me, and death to defend.
Unprized are my sons till they've learned to betray ;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires ;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

LEINSTER.

If of the past thou'rt thinking now, and of the glory gone,
One glory, Erin, yet remains which should for all atone ;
One thought should give thee health and strength all sorrow to endure :—
The world to-day is honoring thy glorious son, Tom Moore.

ULSTER.

" And though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, lovèd Erin, shall live in his songs ;
Not e'en in the hour when his heart was most gay
Did he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

MUNSTER.

"The nations have fallen, and thou art still young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!"

ERIN.

Ah! Munster, dearest Munster, with thy beauty of Killarney,
Thou hast a charm more potent still, the stone they call "the blarney."
But, sisters dear, the very thought you say should make me glad,
But bowed me o'er my silent harp, and made my lone heart sad.
The thought that in my pain and grief o'er a hundred years ago,
God blessed me with a son whose songs have often cheered my woe;
A noble son, whose fondest dream was liberty for me;
But a century since his birth has passed, and still I am not free.

And now, that time has brought again his glorious
natal day,
It grieves my heart that I to him no honor meet can
pay.
But since you're all so happy now, your bliss I'll not
alloy,
I know to see his Erin smile would fill Moore's soul
with joy.

CONNAUGHT.

Ah! Erin dear, for sorrow, sure thy heart was never
meant,
Around thee sunny beams should play, and rays from
Heaven sent;
How brightly joy shines from thine eyes that late were
filled with tears,
Look, Leinster, at the radiant smile her rosy mouth
now wears.

LEINSTER. (*Sings:* "*Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine eyes.*")

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace.

ERIN.

You are right, sweet sisters, I have reason to rejoice; for,
"Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart by such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled,—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

CONNAUGHT. (*Sings:* "*Oh, where's the Slave.*")

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?

What soul whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of him who made it?
Hear me, Erin,—hear me all,
We ne'er shall see thee fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouched, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is plucked to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Hear me, Erin,—hear me all,
We ne'er shall see thee fall.

MUNSTER.

And, Erin, though in slavery they bind thy fair white hands,
Thy mind admits no thraldom, no, it bursts all servile bands;
In poetry's bright galaxy thy noble son is bright,
"The poet of all circles of his own the fond delight."

Remember grand Cornelia with her Gracchi at her side,
Cared not for other jewels, they were e'er her only pride;
In the glorious possession of thy genius-dowered Moore,
Rejoice, be glad, O Mother dear, thy glory shall endure.

LEINSTER.

On this glad anniversary of thy noble poet's birth,
List to his songs and poems now, from all parts of the earth;
And while the world doth honor him, oh! let us lead to thee
Thy children whom with flowers fair we in the distance see.

(*Enter, as they are named, the counties of Leinster.*)

Here's bonny Carlow and bright Kildare,
And here is Longford with face so fair;
Meath and Westmeath with regal air,
Kings and Queens Counties, a noble pair;
Here's Louth and Wexford, renowned of yore,
And sweet Kilkenny from the river Nore,
And here are Wicklow and Dublin grand,—
A mutual joy brings them hand in hand.

ULSTER.

(*Enter, as they are named, the counties of Ulster.*)

Here's Antrim ready her love to seal,
And Armagh, the county of Roe O'Neill;
Together come Cavan and lordly Down,
And brave old Derry with her "Maiden town."
Here's noble Monaghan the county of McGee,
And with her Donegal from her shore washed by the sea;
Here comes fair Fermanagh from her green and fertile fields,
And bold Tyrone rejoicing in her brave son, General Shields.

MUNSTER.

(*Enter, as they are named, the counties of Munster.*)

From cliff of Moher here comes sweet Clare,
Here's brave Tipperary to do and dare;
Here's noble Cork with her Gougaune Barra,
And Waterford, coming with joy to Tara;
True Limerick thinking of her stone with ire,
And Kerry, the county of our poet's sire.

CONNAUGHT.

(*Enter, as they are named, the counties of Connaught.*)

Last, from my western, sea-beaten shore,
I bring five daughters, with love *galore;*
Here's Galway, strong in her gray hills' might,
And Roscommon, where Goldsmith first saw the light;
Brave Sligo or Leitrim will never fail,
Nor Mayo, the county of Granuaile.

ALL. (*Sing: "Let Erin Remember."*)

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standards of green unfurled,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

ERIN.

A glad *cead mille failthe* now I give you with a will,
Your love and presence here to-day with joy my soul doth fill;
From my heart, *cead mille failthe*, and blessings, too, *galore*,
For bringing back proud thoughts and glad of all my glory's store.

ALL. (*Recite.*)

For thy welcome we are grateful,
To thy love we will be faithful,
And in one grand and noble cause we here do all unite;
We have cast old feuds behind us,
A chain of love doth bind us
To Erin and her Poet, to Freedom and to Right.

LEINSTER, ULSTER, MUNSTER, *and* CONNAUGHT. (*Sing: "Oh, for the Swords of Former Time."*)

Oh, for the swords of former time!
Oh, for the men who bore them,
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honors to enslave him,
The best honors worn by man
Were those which virtue gave him.
Oh, for the swords of former time!
Oh, for the men who bore them,
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them!

Oh, for the kings who flourished then!
Oh, for the pomp that crowned them,
When hearts and hands of free-born men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.

Oh, for the kings who flourished then!
Oh, for the pomp that crowned them,
When hearts and hands of free-born men
Were all the ramparts round them!

KERRY.

I, the county of Moore's father, have left my lakes of beauty,
Rich in memories of O'Connell, I have, too, a claim on Moore;
So, now with love and pleasure, 'tis Kerry's right and duty
To wait upon thee, Erin, and flowers round thee pour.
(*Gives Erin flowers.*)

WICKLOW.

I from lovely vales have come here, and from Avoca's waters,
To offer thee glad wishes and in all this joy to share;
For our poet's noble mother was one of Wicklow's daughters,
In memory of her virtues I present these flowers rare.
(*Gives Erin flowers.*)

DUBLIN.

And I, from by the Liffey's banks, have come to greet thee now,
In love and gratitude and joy, I, Dublin, to thee bow;
Kerry's son and Wicklow's daughter came in wedded love to me,
And gave me thus the honor great Moore's native place to be.

Together we have ever shared thy mingled weal and
woe,
On this, thy proud and happy day, we come our joy to
show;
While all the world doth gladly sound his praise so
high and pure,
With flowers we've come to crown thee here, thou true
love of our Moore.

(*Attempts to crown Erin, but the latter prevents her, and gives back to Kerry and Wicklow the flowers she had received from them.*)

ERIN.

Dear Dublin, Kerry, Wicklow, weave not your flowers
for me,
A crown of thorns still binds my brows and will till I
am free;
But since my harp is silent now, go, bind your flowers
there,
Bedeck her with their beauty, and I will her glory
share.
Ah! would that from her golden chords I could her
spirit call,
But, alas! we have no music now in Tara's lonely hall;
For "the Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him."

ULSTER.

Antrim says there is a wanderer here from good old
Belfast town,
A minstrel gray who'll sing for thee some air of old
renown.

ERIN.

Lead him in, dear Ulster, we'll list to him with joy,
Since on the field of glory we lost our Minstrel Boy.

HARPER. (*Advancing to harp, plays and sings: "The Minstrel Boy."*)

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free;
They shall never sound in slavery."

ERIN.

And now that you have woven around my harp fair flowers,
There yet remains an emblem e'en dearer still to me;
'Twas sunshine in my darkness, my hope in gloomy hours,
My sisters — bare before you, the Celtic cross there see.
Go, Wexford, mark with roses the traces of the life-blood
Of thy women and thy children which there glutted Cromwell's blade —
Thou rememb'rest well the morning, when before that holy emblem,
They bowed in deepest anguish and for mercy vainly prayed.

WEXFORD. (*While crowning cross with roses, sings:* "*The Last Rose of Summer.*")

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, to give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone!

LEINSTER.

Now harp and cross we both have crowned, from them
we must not sever
"The chosen leaf of bard and chief, the shamrock
still forever."

(LOVE, VALOR, *and* WIT *enter, bearing each a bunch of shamrocks, and sing:* "*The Shamrock.*")

WIT. Through Erin's Isle
To sport a while,
As Love and Valor wandered,
L. *and* V. With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright,
A thousand arrows squandered.
L. V. W. Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
ALL Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

VALOR. Says Valor, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
LOVE. Says Love, "No, no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
WIT. But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh, do not sever
A type that blends
Three God-like friends,
L. V. W. Love, Valor, Wit forever!"
ALL. Oh, the Shamrock, etc.

L. V. W. So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
LOVE. And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
VALOR. May Love, as twine
Her flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em.
WIT. May Valor ne'er
Her standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
ALL. Oh, the Shamrock, etc.

(*Columbia appears.*)

ERIN.

Now who is this comes with the beauty of morning,
Heaven's bright stars her fair brow adorning,
Her face glad and beaming, her eyes brave and true?
'Tis Columbia comes decked in the red, white, and blue.
O lovely young sister, from over the sea,
In joy as in sorrow rememb'rest thou me?

COLUMBIA.

"Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

"Wert thou all that I wish thee,— great, glorious, and free,—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?"

(*Sings: "Believe Me."*)

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time can but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

ERIN.

Dear Columbia! thou art welcome to Erin's Emerald Isle;
Would my children all were happy like thine 'neath Freedom's smile;
But, thank God! when they're exiles, they need not friendless roam,
With thee, O kind Columbia! they ever find a home.

COLUMBIA.

Yes, and ever will, dear Erin, for they've earned it with their blood,
In my bitter days of sorrow, at my side thy brave sons stood.
In all battles for my freedom thy true-hearted sons were seen,
Never was my free flag threatened, but beside it stood thy green.

ERIN. (*Sings: "I'd Mourn the Hopes."*)

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smile had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,—
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless that joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear.

COLUMBIA.

And now to honor thee, Erin dear, and thy noble poet Moore,
I've come across the waters, at this shrine my gifts to pour.
Not a state in all my broad domain, not a city, not a town,
But on this day commemorates thy noble son's renown.

You've heard, sure, of the old Bay State * — well one,
good city there,
From the valley of the Merrimac, sends you these
flowers rare;
We'll place them (*Leinster and Munster unveil picture
of Moore*) round Moore's portrait, and strew
them at his shrine,
I know that when I honor him the glory will be thine.

(*While Erin and Columbia are decorating portrait, both together sing. Air:* "*The Meeting of the Waters.*")

There is not in this wide world a poet so sweet,
As the dear bard who sang "where the bright waters
meet;"
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life shall depart,
Ere the name of Tom Moore shall fade from our heart.

Yet it is not that nature had dowered him well,
It is not that the world now his praises doth swell;
It is not the grand magic of genius and lore,
That has won for Tom Moore affection's rich store.

'Tis that Erin, his country, to his heart was so dear,
That he brings to her children her loveliness near;
He sings of her glory, her hopes, and her fears,
And his songs shall be cherished through all coming
years.

* State and river can be changed to suit locality.

(*Turning to picture.*)

Dear Bard of old Erin! now calm be thy rest
In the Island of Saints with the friends thou loved'st best;
May thy country's afflictions for evermore cease,
Be her future, like thine, blest with glory and peace.

(ALL *sing.* *Air:* "*St. Patrick's Day.*")

Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More formed to be grateful and blest than ours.
But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirit to sink.
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now on our Poet's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls us disloyal!
Though fierce to our foes, to our friends we are true;
And the tribute most high to a genius right royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards who blight
Our fame, our right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The standard of green
In front would be seen.
Oh! our lives on our faith! were we summoned this minute,
We'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it
When roused by the foe on her Poet's Day.

He loved the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts that have suffered too much to forget;
And hope shall be crowned, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray,
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last.
And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er shall decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on thy Poet's Day.

COLUMBIA.

Now, many, many glad returns of this bright natal day,
And at its close, before we part, how truly we may say:

"As onward we journey, how pleasant,
To pause and inhabit a while,
Those few sunny spots like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But time, like a pitiless master,
Cries 'Onward!' and spurs the gay hours;
Ah! never doth time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers."

(All *sing. Air:* "*Hail Columbia.*")

Hail, Columbia! happy land,
Hail, loved Erin! martyr grand,
Hail, the Poet of Freedom's cause!
Moore, the Poet of Freedom's cause,
Who Erin cheered through slavery's night,
And showed her gleams of Freedom's light.
Let Moore's loved Erin be the cry,
For her we'll bravely do and die!
Firm united let us be,
Rallying all for liberty,
As a band of sisters joined
Liberty we'll surely find.

Tableau.

OTHER ALLEGORIES BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"FAITH OF OUR FATHERS."

This Allegory, which occupies about an hour in its presentation, may include from fifteen to one hundred persons, as is desirable, and may be given by either boys or girls, or by both. It describes, in a few words, the introduction of the Faith into Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, in general; and, more particularly, into Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England, Ireland, and the United States, special prominence being given to the last two; and concludes with a grand tableau representing Hibernia as the one most true to the Faith.

It is written in verse, as are all here mentioned, introduces a number of Irish and American national airs, and has been carefully prepared with regard to historical accuracy.

"A GLIMPSE OF THE DAYS THAT ARE OVER,"

another Allegory, represents Erin, at first, in despondency,—"A crownless stricken Queen," cheered by angel visitants, who reward her faith and long suffering by a glorious vision, in which Religion, History, Liberty, Science, Poetry, Music, Oratory, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Industry, Love, Valor, and Wit, recount the achievements that made Erin's land the "Isle of Saints and Sages." Cheered by this "Glimpse of the days that are over," she is still further encouraged by a visit from Columbia, her "lovely young sister from over the sea," who tells her that her land, too, has been improved and enriched by Erin's sons; that often

> "Had been *her* rich resources vain,
> But for the Irish exile's strength, his sinew, bone, and brain."

She then prophesies for Erin a future more glorious even than her past, and

> "Prays with right good will
> That God may speed the day and hour of Ireland's Bunker Hill."

A third Allegory,

"THE CHRISTIAN YEAR,"

introduces, in representation of each month, characters who recount the principal religious events whose anniversaries occur during her time, also the particular saints she honors, as well as that to whom she is dedicated.

"CHRISTIAN EDUCATION,"

another Allegory, is particularly adapted to exhibitions and commencements at Catholic schools and academies; as it recalls, by representations of the Pagan Muses, and of the Christian Arts and Sciences, how carefully and how successfully the Church has fostered Christian Education.

"Go, search the records of the world, and thou wilt surely find,
That while the Church trained heart and soul, she also taught the mind.
And this is Education true, the Christian's noblest boon,
Outshining thee [Secular Knowledge] as the warm, bright sun outshines the cold, pale moon."

"THE CHILDREN'S HEARTS FOR JESUS"

is more suitable for young children than any of the preceding, and is only appropriate for the month of June. The characters are, June, Queen of the Red Roses, of the White Roses, and of the Lilies; an "Angel of the Sacred Heart," and a representative from the children.

An Operetta,

"THE DEAR OLD FARM,"

has also been favorably received in several places. It is to be sung in character, and represents the father, mother, and children driven from their old home in Ireland, the children to seek their fortune in America.

"WASHINGTON'S SHRINE,"

a musical Allegory somewhat similar to "Moore's Anniversary," is appropriate for an entertainment on Washington's Birthday. It recounts briefly the parts taken in the Revolutionary War by England, Germany, France, Ireland, and Columbia; introduces the national airs of each; and closes with a grand tableau representing Ireland, France, and Columbia unveiling a picture or statue of Washington, while the Goddess of Liberty, attended by Peace and War, crowns it.

Of this last the *Lawrence American*, dated Feb. 23, said: "The operetta, 'Washington's Birthday,' which was presented at the Catholic Lyceum exercises last evening, is a literary production of which Miss O'Keeffe may justly feel proud. It is fully up to the standard of other productions from this young lady's pen, and the applause which greeted it throughout last evening, from so large and refined an audience, showed the public appreciation of the piece. It was an appropriate and fitting close to one of the most successful entertainments conducted here this season."

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All found in this collection have already been satisfactorily tested by being recited in public, subject to the criticism of those competent to decide as to their accordance with faith, morality, and patriotism.

For information concerning any of the above, address

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